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ENOS,

OR THE

East of the Medoos

A MELODRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY R. F. RYAN,

San Francisco, Cal.





Class PS 635

Book Z9 R993

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CHARACTERS.

WHITES.

Capt. Henry Brentwood, Commander of U. S. Forces, in love with Hevallah.

Benjamin Wright, an Indian Agent.

Mr. Grissell, a Settler, and Father of Jennie.

Jonathan Buster, a Miner.

Whisky Dick, an Indian Hunter.

Pat Murphy, a Miner, in love with Jennie.

Herman Van Voost, a Prophetical Hollander, also a Miner.

Lieutenant Gibb.

Little, a Soldier.

First Soldier.

Mrs. Grissell, the Settler's Wife.

Jennie, her Daughter.

INDIANS.

Enos, a Wandering Ottawa, down on the Whites, in love with Hevallah.

Calwawessit, Chief of the Yoshutes, a Friend of the Whites.

Aschersee, }
Talmanetsee, } Chiefs.
Yuchamsee, }

Taliattus, Chief of the Shoshones.

Hevallah, daughter of Calwawessit, in love with Brentwood.

The Last of the Modocs.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room in front. WRIGHT in front of Stage, with a paper in his hands, reads:*

Wri. "Congress" has made an appropriation of \$100,000, to feed and clothe the Modocs, and to place them on the Reservation. How much of this sum has found its way into the pockets of Senators, is a question; but what care I as long as it comes like fish into my net. This I know, that precious little of it will go to the red skin dogs, who are only food for powder. I will diminish the cost of feeding by destroying them, and thus secure the balance of this appropriation. I wonder why it is that Solomon, the second-hand clothier, is not here. He promised to exchange the Government blankets furnished for the tribes for a common sort, and by which I expect to make a cool \$8,000, as commissions.

[*Enter SERVANT on left, addresses WRIGHT.*

Serv. Solomon is below, and wants to see you.

Wri. Show him in.

[*Enter SOLOMON on left, and approaches WRIGHT.*

Sol. [*addressing him*] Goot en morgen, Mr. Wright, tish vary goot bisness prings me here; vot you say pout the plankets to exchange?

Wri. [*to SOL.*] The blankets forwarded for Indian use are too fine altogether; an article of much

less value would answer all the purpose, and thus money may be saved.

Sol. Sure, sar, me furnish you von very goot blanket for half dere cost, and give you von goot pig sum to poot—nine dousand dollars—eh? Mr. Wright, that's bisness.

[Poking him in the ribs.]

Wri. *[addressing Sol.]* You will not disclose the matter?

Sol. Tish nopody's bisness.

Wri. Mum's the word.

[Exit Solomon.]

[Enter SERVANT, and approaches WRIGHT, and addresses him.]

Wri. *[in front]* I have made a cool \$9,000 by the Jew out of the appropriation. Is there anything wrong in this? why, no; it's all the rage to steal while one holds office; and why should not I obtain my share? My sun is not going to shine always; so I'll make my hay while it shines.

[Enter JONES, who advances towards WRIGHT who bids him be seated. They take seats.]

Wri. *[addressing JONES]* Have you made out your bill for cattle furnished the Reservation? I wish to forward it to Washington without delay.

[JONES hands him the bill]

Wri. I find it is \$10,000. This will not do. You must double that sum, and give me a voucher as if it were paid.

Jon. But—

Wri. See here, there is no buts about the business. 'Tis plain that if you do not accept, others will be found who have no qualms of conscience.

Jon. Well, it's none of my business.

[Gives the voucher, and bids him good morning.]

[Aside] Wright will make this all right, al-

though it's all wrong. Is it any wonder that our Government is coming into contempt, when those who assume to rule us, despise the honest and the unassuming, and give the offices of the land to the unscrupulous and undeserving? No wonder that those who enter into their service develop into thieves.

[*Enter* LIEUTENANT GIBBS. *Advances to*
WRIGHT.

Wri. What news from the Council of Indians?

Gib. Obeying your instructions, we drew the redskins into our encampment, under the pretence that we would make a treaty with them; when there, I ordered my soldiers to fire upon them; we slew fifty of their braves, squaws and children.

Wri. That is the only way to deal with them; besides it will save us much trouble; but we must keep watch of them. They will no doubt make a raid upon the settlements.

Gib. It is true. I must away to join my command.

Wri. And I to watch their movements.

[*Scene shifts.*

SCENE II.—*A mountain scene. Mining camp. Enter* PAT MURPHY, *with a pick axe on his shoulder and a shovel, who advances to front of stage.*

Mur. Be the powers, I think I had a streak of good luck this blessed morning, that will soon enable yer humble servant to cut his stick, and leave for the settlement, whoop, and may be its not meeself, that'll brake the hearts of all the girls, when they find out that Patt Murphy has made his fortin, while that raps callion Jim Murray feels the water coming through his teeth, the blackguard, when Patt Murphy dressed like a gentleman with plenty of goold in his pockets, returns to lay siege to the Citadel of Jennie Grissell's heart which he

thought to appropriate like a trifle all to himself when I had the best claim thereto?

[*Enter VAN VOOST, who overhears PATT MURPHY talk.*

V. V. Well herr you pees again Mister Patt, always looking after the girls. There is Jenny Grissell they say loves you to destraction. How many more hearts have you broken, you rascal?

Mur. Is it me to brake their hearts, git away with yes: what can a fellow do when the darlints come accross ye, but to make love to all of them. Troth, Jennie is as purty as a picture as any artist might look at, but lavin all jokes aside, what do you think, will we have trouble with the Indians?

[*Enter BUSTER—a Yankee peddler on right with a pack on his back, and some notions in his hand—talking.*

Bus. It's a concerned deal of trouble to get through this country, and perilous from Indians and other critters. When I left hum I expected to make my fortune in six months, but I am just as far off from it as ever, and I am compelled to trudge along with this pack without finding customers. I hear some voices here!

V. V. [*addressing him*]. Vell, mine friend, what bees you doing down here?

Bus. Selling my wares. Don't you want any of my notions?

[*Holds up a ring to PAT.*

Mur. You must make a thrade. I'll give you fifty feet in the last chance quartz Company's ledge, for that ring. It will yield hundreds of thousands of dollars to the ton.

[*Hands him a piece of rock.*

It's speckled all over with goold, and comes out of the ledge in solid chunks.

Bus. Well, stranger, I'll guess I'll swap with you, it's a regular Ruby from Arizona, and is four hundred carats fine.

Mur. Hould my friend. I want you to understand that we are not animals in these parts, and do not want your fine carrots. Faix, what would I be doing with your carrots, or parsnips either.

[*BUSTER and VAN VOORST laugh.*]

V. V. He means diamonds, their value is thus determined.

Mur. Excuse me, faith it's not the larnin that iver troubled me.

[*It's a bargain. They exchange.*]

Bus. [*aside—laughs.*] I wonder which of us has the best bargain. I gave him a piece of glass for a Ruby, and have got in return enough of feet to set up a Broker's Board with.

Mur. [*addressing him*] You are sure that the mine this sthone came out of wasn't salted.

Bus. Just as sure as you are, that this mine of yours will yield a hundred thousand dollars a ton.

Mur. [*aside.*] Well, one is as thrue as the other.

[*The shouts of Indians are heard.*]

V. V. Bless my stars, but here they are on us!

Mur. Talk of the divil hes sure to appear. That gentleman from Holland was mighty close in his expectations. Make haste, there, you min: put sixteen charges into your rifles to save the time of loading; now then, get behind the trees, and when they come, make a yell so loud that they'll think there's the divil's own nest of us.

[*They secrete themselves behind the trees.*]

[*Enter six Indians, flourishing tomahawks.*]

[*The miners yell and fire. Two Indians fall; exit the rest. Murphy comes down from behind a tree, the rest follow.*]

Mur. Oh the blackguards, to die without saying their prayers, or giving us time to send for the Priest.

V. V. Dat is better than goot, I tinks I killed sixteen of dem red skins mine self, mit mine rifle; she kick so, dat I couldn't see exactly—she near knock me town, by tam.

Bus. Let me see whether they took my notions; that would be a worse situation for me.

Mur. [*picks up a tomahawk*] Shure I'll take this for prize money, anyhow. Boys, we must clean these fellows out, and thin take lave o' this gay and festive scene for a more secure place.

[They all seize upon the bodies and carry them off. Exit.]

[Enter ENOS and CALWAWESSIT. ENOS advances to the front of the stage. Speaks.]

Enos. Our race is fast diminishing in numbers. The palefaces have followed us from the rising to the setting sun. We were once as numerous as the leaves in summer; but now we're like the withered leaf of autumn. The blood of the palefaces is in my veins; but I am not a paleface, with forked tongue and wicked heart. Oh! Great Spirit, who looks down from the clouds, and who waters the ground with rain, who filled our rivers and hunting grounds with fish and game, and who made us strong in heart against our enemies, hear me! When will your anger turn from the red man, and why hast thou left me here, the last of my race, like the lone cedar after the forest burning? Each moon that passes by diminishes our power, and swift the arrows of the white man pierce our warriors' hearts, and make our wigwams empty. We have offered them the pipe of peace, and gave them lands and food; and how do they repay it? By destroying our people with their lightning and strong waters; by robbing us of our squaws, and driving us from the hunting grounds of our fathers. Where are our fathers? They are gone to the land of spirits, and never will return; and, if we continue thus inactive, we soon shall follow them. Will you submit to this? "No!" Then you will follow me, Enos, the last of the Modocs, to the war path.

Cal. 'T was but a moon since the life of Taliattus, the Chief's son, was taken by their hands, and the tribes are gathering to be avenged.

Enos. Look upon me. Am I not alone? The blood of Enos runs in no man's veins. It is the pale-faces have done this, and they exult over the ruin they have wrought. You—you, Calwawessit, shall see yourself the last remaining vestige of your tribe, if we permit the palefaces to dwell among us.

Cal. But they are as numerous as the stars in the sky.

Enos. So are the tribes. Is it not better for them to die than see the death of our race by wrongs unnumbered? If the tribes unite, the arrow never pointed at a mark as surely as their fall will come. I see of late your daughter loves their company. The brightest flower of our forests should not do this. It makes my blood boil to see it.

Cal. But she loves you, Enos; she shall be yours. But—

Enos. The tribes will meet to-night. Let us repair and give them counsel.

Cal. The braves do set much value on your words. Let us go.

Enos. I'll follow you. [*Exit Cal. R.*] Thus far I have secured the tribes to rise against their oppressors. Should they refuse to join me in the war path—but they cannot do it. Enos has shaped them to his purpose. [*Exit R.*]

SCENE III.—*House of Mr. GRISSELL. Enter GRISSELL with a venison on his shoulder, and calls for his wife.*

Mr. G. I have brought you home some venison; enough to last you a month. The bear-tamer, James Adams, gave me a portion of the proceeds of

his hunt. Only think of it; he killed six deer this morning.

Mrs. G. What a queer man he is. He lives in the forest, away from the habitations of men. I should not wonder but he was crossed in love.

Mr. G. You women always consider that when anything singular appears in man, that they must have been crossed in love. Do you imagine that they all are as foolish, and act as I have done, dancing after you? It is their nature.

Mrs. G. Yes; and it is their nature to run after the girls. What do you think. Well, that Irishman, Pat Murphy, is after our Jennie. What an impertinent fellow he is, to make love to my daughter. I wont stand it.

Mr. G. And does she love him?

Mrs. G. I can perceive by her of late that she does speak of him frequently, and tries to obtain every opportunity for meeting him. These horrid Irish; I cannot bear them. Only think of it, that Jenny should be compelled to marry a blundering, ranting, roaring, tearing Irishman.

Mr. G. I wonder at your prejudice. When I sought your hand and consent, it was without anyone's intervention. And, if my daughter loves this man, then she shall have my consent. What if he be an Irishman. Has not an Irishman affections, and will not these overleap all the conventional boundaries of country?

Mrs. G. Well, you will have your own way.

[Enter WHISKY DICK, tight, with a gun over his shoulder, talking to himself.]

Dick. Was n't that a capital shot [hic]. I shot at that redskin [hic], a chief's son, young Taliatus. I've a natural contempt for them [hic] all my [hic] life. What [hic] right have they, I'd [hic] like to know [hic] in these parts? Does n't it [hic] belong to Uncle Sam [hic]?

They must go back [hic] to Asia, their [hic] natural country.

Mr. G. Again in liquor? Dick, are you not ashamed thus to boast your cruelty, and thus treat those who are the natural owners of the soil? We are the intruders; and I should not wonder but all the wrongs perpetrated on the children of the forest will one day fall upon our heads.

Dick. It wont do to talk this [hic] way. You see [hic], the boys on the creek came near lynching a [hic] feller there last night.

Mr. G. Perhaps there was a reason for it?

Dick. Why, no. You see the Injins put a ferry across the river, in opposition to the regular ferry, and they only charged the boys half price for it. This took away the toll from Bob Squire, who, with the boys one fine morning, kinder made an attack on the Injins, who made for the woods—I mean those who could; but very few did. They then burnt their camp. 'T was about this time that the United States Agent came along, who took part with the Injins against the boys; but the boys would n't stand this. So they took the Agent to the river, to hang him to the first tree; but luckily his legs were longer than his arms, and he got up and escaped.

Bus. Mr. Grissell, those acts are a disgrace to our people. Good morning. [Exit.

Dick. Good morning, my boy; and if any of the boys ask you for where James Sampson, of the Creek is, tell them he's about.

[Exit after them.

Gris. We are well rid of that brigand, Dick, who speaks with such satisfaction of his evil deeds. Cut loose from the restraints of society and religion, such men become more savage than the savages themselves. I promised to meet the old chief Calwawessit, and I must be off.

[Enter PAT MURPHY.

Mur. Faith and I never thought I'd fall in love, but it is a failing of my ancestors, and sure I'm not to blame for it. Love! What the devil is it? Faith, it's meself that don't know what it is. It's a feeling—yes a very strange one, and ever since I saw Jennie Grissell, I have felt my heart go pit a pat, and everything I have done since has been wrong side uppermost. There's Brentwood, they say is in love with the Indian Chief's daughter, and that scowling ruffian Enos is jealous of him, and would make mince pie of him if he could only meet him. It's a failing with more men than Pat Murphy, however, that's a consolation. Begad, here she comes with Hevellah, and I'll aside here and surprise her.

[*Steps back behind tree. Enter JENNIE GRISSELL and HEVELLAH talking, and they go to a grass mound and they sit down, talking.*]

Jen. [to HEV.] Have you ever been in love?

Hev. Yes, with the Great Spirit, he who made the earth, the air; who heaped the solid mountains to the skies, and covered them with verdure. I love this, the home of my fathers, given them by the Great Spirit for a dwelling place.

Jen. Phsaw! but don't you love something else?

[PAT comes interrupting them. *Aside.*]

Mur. What a philosophical creature she is, to be sure. Did n't I know all the ancient Sages, either of Greece or Rome, or any other part of the world, could n't send such a Venus into this wilderness on any other condition than that every body who saw the darlint should fall in love with her? [*Advancing to Miss GRISSELL.*] Good morning, afternoon I mean, Miss Jennie; I have been overhearing you in your pleasant talk with Miss Calwawassit there, and I am very sorry for breaking in on your meditations, but you know how I love you, Miss Jennie. Faith I would travel over rivers and mountains to

see you, let alone to come from the diggins for that purpose.

Jen. Patrick, you are always at some roguish trick. Now I want to know how many times you have talked this same way to other girls.

Mur. You don't believe me then: I'll swear by all the tribes between here and New York, that you are the first girl that ever burned a hole in this heart of mine, and I want you to take pity on me, or I'll soon go to kingdom come on your account.

Jen. Surely, you would not do that?

Mur. Sure I'll ruin myself entirely, unless you become Mistress Murphy; but it is getting late, and I must see you home, for you might be carried off by the Indians.

Jen. I am not afraid, for here is my protector.

Mur. Faith, I will protect you, and I would like to see the ugly phiz of any one who would dare insult either of you.

[*Exit MURPHY and JENNY R. Enter CAL-
WAWASSET and GRISSELL.*]

Cal. I am a friend of the pale face, and while the the tribes above were your foes, and gave you peace. What have your people done for ours? Killed our braves and squaws, and taken our hunting grounds, our elk and salmon, which we shared with you when you were hungry.

Gris. But the red men should discriminate between the good and evil.

Cal. Did they not kill my braves, who never wronged them?

Gris. But our great Chief, the President, will punish them. He is your friend.

Cal. Your promises are like the dried grass. I am a Chief as well as he, and I too can punish. What I say is done.

Gris. But our nation is great, and has such dreadful armies, they carry death as swift as lightning.

Cal. So is the red man strong. 'Twere better to meddle with the cubs of yonder bear than stir them up. Do you see yonder settlements? They were our hunting grounds. Who has them now?

Gris. The whites.

Cal. Do you see that moon?

Gris. Yes.

Cal. Then, before it's full, these settlements will be in the possession of the red man.

[*Exit R. Comes down. Re-enter CALWAWESSIT, who is met by HEVELLAI.*

Cal. What brings you here? addressing her.

Hev. I came in search of you. Your face is angry; why is this? Are not the palefaces our friends? Has not the great spirit put us both to live together? Let us obey his voice, and let them live in peace.

Cal. For you alone, they shall.

Hev. 'Tis Enos angers you to this. His counsel's overrun with evil.

Cal. He is a brave warrior, and loves you much.

Hev. I would that he were dead. Go to the council of our friends; talk and calm them, father. Come.

[*Takes him by the arm.*

Cal. I will. [*Exit both.*

[*Mrs. GRISSELL and her daughter enters.*

Mrs. G. Here you are, truant. I should not wonder if some wild bear or redskin should carry you off some day.

Jen. Why, mother, do not talk so; 't was only a short time since I went out.

Mrs. G. A short time? only two hours.

[*Enter BUSTER.*

Bus. [*addressing Mrs. G.*] Do you want to buy my wares, notions, and odds and ends? I have everything from a needle to an anchor. I am a regular walking dry goods, wet goods and hard goods establishment. I am Buster & Co. all in myself. I sell wares cheap—less than

their cost—for the reason that I do n't pay rent or taxes—all of which is credited to my customers. I've chignons for the ladies; bustles, hoops, skirts, paniers to make them look plump; cream which takes off freckles; plaster which draws corns out, so that they leave the house, and travel of their own accord, never to return. I have powder that gives the ladies' cheeks the look of the red, red, rose.

Mrs. G. And do you find fools who buy your wares?

Bus. I do.

Mrs. G. Then you cannot get them here. The woman who would wear hair robbed from the tenant of some graveyard, deserves the holy scorn, as well as the contempt, of all her sex; and as for your paint, none but vain women—whose rotten hearts are like the painted sepulchres which yield foul odors from within, while without they are all fair—these are the only sort who use such things, and in these solitudes are none of these. *[The sound of a drum is heard.]*

Bus. *[Packing up his wares]* Why, here are the soldiers. The Indians must be upon us. They have sounded the call to arms.

[Enter CAPT. BRENTWOOD, BEN. WRIGHT, ENOS—the latter of whom is disguised as a Piute Indian, acting as their interpreter.]

Mr. G. *[addressing them.]* You are welcome, gentlemen. Which way are you traveling?

Bren. Into the Indian country.

[Addressing his command, he gives the order to halt and stack arms, and they are dismissed for a few minutes.]

We are ordered here on account of an intended rising of the tribes; but I hope, by persuasion, we will make a treaty with them, which will end all difficulty.

[JONATHAN BUSTER, approaching BRENTWOOD, who is standing in front of stage.]

Bus. Good morning, Capting; you're on business

early this morning. May I inquire if you think they'll remove the Indians from the Reservation? They're no account, and stop all progress of common schools and churches. They are pagans, too, and wont use the Bible, or take our tracts, or hear our ministers.

Bren. How are you so much interested in them?

Bus. Well, you see, Capting, the last Congress, through the aid and for the profit of Senators, issued \$600,000 worth of scrip; which, owing to our civil war, was reduced down to ten cents on the dollar. I purchased with others a large share of this. I have located this scrip on the Reservation of the Indians, and I would give a small share of my claim to get rid of them, because I expect to make my fortune by the operation.

Bren. It is just such fellows as you are who have brought ruin on our country, retarded its settlement, and goaded on those Indians to madness by your treachery and avarice; and you would think to bribe me! Get you out, you rascal, and never show your face where I'm about!

[BUSTER sneaks out on left, with his pack on his back.]

Bren. [addressing soldiers, orders] Attention, company; take arms. Shoulder arms. Right face forward by file right; march.

[Exit BREN. and soldiers L.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Mountain scene, with rocks in front. Soldiers; tents. WRIGHT at L. 1, 2 E. Enter WRIGHT. ENOS disguised as a Piute Indian, and soldiers arranging their camp.*

Wri. Here will I rest my weary limbs; and now to despatch this Piute on his journey. [*To ENOS*] You say 't is but a-half moon's journey to where the tribes assemble?

Enos. 'T is so; depend on me; I will bring them here.

Wri. Then, at your peril, do our bidding, or not a man of you shall live. [*Aside*] I shall watch you nevertheless. Would it not be better for you to have companions? Some of my men will bear you company.

Enos. This will show your confidence. [*Aside*] He thinks I am a woman, and would frighten me with his big words. I soon will have his scalp.

Wri. [*addressing them*] Which of you would volunteer to accompany the Piute?

[*CAPT. BRENTWOOD, WHISKY DICK and LITTLE volunteer for this purpose.*]

Wri. [*aside to them*] See that you would watch this Indian well. Do not let him proceed a step without you are present, and once in the Indian camp, beware their treachery.

Bren. We will be careful.

[*Exit BRENTWOOD and others following ENOS. R.*]

Wri. [*addressing GIB.*] We will camp here to-night. See that you make a proper disposal of your men, and by all means, between this hour and morning, renew your pickets. We are on dan-

gerous ground, and will lose nothing by precaution.

Gib. [to *Wri.*] Think you this Indian will prove faithful? My confidence is somewhat shaken by what I saw at the house of Grissell.

Wri. What did you observe there?

Gib. He looked sullen, bit his lips, and spoke in monosyllables.

Wri. This is nothing: he is true, I warrant it.

[*They retire to rest. Enter ENOS L. with a rifle.*]

Enos. The serpent never charmed to its coils, its prey with half of the appetite with which I've drawn those vipers to my net. I feel unsatisfied till the parched earth drinks up their blood, and wait to hear the death rattle beckoning their evil spirits to the shades where the tormentors dwell.

[*Enter WHISKY DICK, and another soldier drunk rests in front with a bottle of whiskey in his hand and musket.*]

Dick. I wonder where that dirty Indian is [hic]? Did not he [hic] come this [hic] way? I tell you, [hic, hic] taint safe [hic] in his vicinity and the [hic] best thing he can do is to [hic] cut it as soon [hic] as possible. Dont you [hic] think so, [*addressing other soldiers.*]

Lit. [*soldier*] You talk like a fool. If you don't go better than this, you will be food for the coyotes before morning.

Dick. You [hic] think I'm drunk: well, you were never more mistaken in [hic] your life [hic]. It's you that's drunk.

[*They stagger outside the scene, and leave. Wri. asleep is dreaming.*]

Wri. See, they come. They creep along the grass; Ha! There goes a victim. Villians! Take off your hands. Let go, I say: by the—

[*He falls back asleep.*]

Enos. [to *Indians in a low tone.*] Behold your dreaded

foe; I have caught him in my net. [*Takes his knife and feels the blade.*] Now my good blade which never rested in your sheath while pale faced foes were on your track, drink lustily of their foul blood, and let the wolves receive the offering of your revenge. [*To Indians.*] Now to your work. Him for me.

[*They attack the soldiers and slay them.*

ENOS attacks WRI., who grasps his knife, and leaps to his feet. A struggle ensues, in which WRI. addressing ENOS, says:

Wri. Ha! villain! Treacherous red skin dog! Is this the way you have deceived and led us to the slaughter?

Enos. [*addressing him while struggling.*] Evil one! How dare you speak. You whose moccasins are colored with stains of red men's blood! You now shall meet your fate.

[*They struggle, fight, and WRI. is killed.*

Enos. [*standing over WRI.*] Thus does the work proceed. Where are your Treaties now? Your gibes, your threats, your mighty speeches? Speak! Your forked tongue black lies is silent. 'Twas but a few hours since he was more terrible than the fierce lion of the forest: now he is like the blasted pine. [*addressing Indians.*] Take away their vile carcasses—but give them no burial; let no brave wail over them, and let wolves enjoy their feast, and carrion crows grow fat upon their bodies. The task is but begun now, let us to the counsel of the chiefs. [*Exit all except ENOS.*]

[*Enter HEVELLAH addressing ENOS.*

Hev. What brings Enos in this path? Has he been at the Council and left his escort there so soon?

Enos. [*addressing her.*] Yes, with the foot of the deer has Enos travelled in the war path: and what brings Hevella here so far from her father's wigwam?

Hev. So that I may see the Council of the Chiefs, and hear them talk.

Enos. I have dared all things for your sake. Have sought to speak my deep unbounded love for the lily of the tribes, for you, Hevallah, I would brave all danger to prove it.

Hev. Would you wish to prove your love for me? Then see that cliff, [*points to a ridge of rocks*]. There is on its tall summit a flower growing, which is so tender, that at the touch of man it dies. If you can bring it to me in all its life, 'twill be a test your love is true, or false.

Enos. Then I'll scale the rocks and find it. [*He ascends.*]

Hev. My white brave Brentwood ought to be this way on his return. Should he meet the eye of Enos in this forest, some one of them would die. I wish he would come.

[*Enter BRENTWOOD, who sees HEVELLAH, and he advances to her, catching her in his arms.*]

Hev. Hush! there is danger here. Enos is yonder, be quick. There is danger here!

Brent. I fear not him, or any danger. It would ill become the soldier to fear. We can taste of death but once, while cowards daily die.

Hev. 'Tis true, the warrior never thinks of peril, but like the cliffs which skirt the ocean base, and raise their summits to the skies, laughs at the angry billows as they dash against their feet and waste their ire in foam. But if the hunter, forewarned of danger in his trail, from every bush of which a thousand panthers were eager to lap his blood, and that still he would proceed, would this be courage?

Brent. This would be rashness.

Hev. Then listen to me. The half-breed Enos soon will come this way. He hates the white man, and his jealous nature might spend his fury on your head.

Brent. Do you fear his coming? Deem you his intents base? Tell me, and by this sword I will chastise him, [*touches his sword*].

Hev. The deer was never hunted in the chase as this half-breed pursues me. The little of the white man's blood which courses in his veins, adds but to his natural ferocity; and then his will! It is a law which knows no boundaries. To disobey him is death. His word is great among the tribes.

Brent. Would you not wish to rid yourself of such a monster?

Hev. I would.

Brent. Then come with me to our fortress, there you will be safe from his advances.

Hev. See, he comes this way! Secrete yourself by yonder tree until he leaves.

[*He secretes himself. Enos descends and advances towards Hevellah.*]

Hev. Well, how did Enos succeed—did he get the flower?

Enos. I did, but it withered at my touch.

Hev. Just as my love for you has withered.

Enos. You mock me!

Hev. I hate you! be gone.

Enos [*Attempts to seize her by the hand, addressing her*] You shall be my squaw or die!

[*She screams. A shot is fired by BRENTWOOD. He lets her go, and flies away, leaving her. BRENTWOOD advances to HEVELLAH. A SOLDIER advances, on left, panting and blowing.*]

Brent. [*addressing him*] What's the matter?

Sol. The guide by his treachery has wrought our ruin, while our party were asleep. The half-breed, with a party of Indians, surprised and killed every one, except myself.

Brent. This forebodes danger to us, we must away

[*Exit all.*]

SCENE II.—*Back scene, woods; fall of water from rocks. Enter HEVELLAH and CALWAWESSIT.*

Hev. Now are my strong suspicions realized. Will they make war upon the pale faces, on those that did us good as well as evil? No! this is against the custom of our tribe, who ever were a terror to their foes, as they were ever true to their friends. [*Addressing Calwawessit*] Will you allow this, father? You promised me you would not. Now, in the name of the Great Spirit, see that our friends are spared.

Cal. They shall not harm your friends; and if they do, this withered trunk shall destroy them. But see, the chiefs do come this way; their war whoop echoes in the hills. I must secrete myself, lest my purpose might be suspected.

[*CALWAWESSIT retires behind a tree. HEVELLAH alone.*

Hev. There is no viper crawls these forests half so evil as this half-breed. I will try and divert him from his purpose to incite the tribes to dig up the hatchet and proceed in the war-path against the pale faces.

[*Enter ENOS. ENOS addressing HEVELLAH.*]

Enos. What are you here for?

Hev. To ask mercy for my friends, Mr. Grissell and his daughters.

Enos. Go, get you to your father's wigwam. When we take their scalps, I then will talk to you. You seem to love the white faces so well, that you would give up the red man and your father for them.

Hev. It is false; your black heart speaks a lie.

Enos. [*Takes her by the arm and shakes her, says*] You, too, would spit upon me, defy my anger, tell me I speak with lying tongue.

[*Calwawessit leaves the tree; comes to front, seizing ENOS, and raises his tomahawk over him.*

Cal. I have a mind to strike you down to the earth

You are a coward to attack my violet thus.
What claim have you upon her?

Enos She loves the palefaces better than her kindred,
and I, who seek to avenge you and the red
man's wrongs, have reason to complain of this.

Cal. [*addressing Enos*] Go to your lodge, and let
me hear no more of this, or either you or I
must die. It ill becomes a brave, and would-be
chief, to thus abuse the child of him to whom
he owes his life.

[*Meeting of the Council. Chiefs enter, one
by one, and take their positions in the fol-
lowing order :*

CALWAWESSIT,

TALIATTUS,

ACHERSEE,

YUCHAMSEE,

TALMANTSEE.

Tal [*rising*] Our Father, the Great Spirit, is angry
with his people. His voice comes to us in the
lightning of the clouds. No more we cast our
nets for salmon—they have left our rivers,
never to return. No more our young braves
join the hunt in quest of elk, for they have
fled beyond the mountains. Death and hunger
stare us in the face, and daily do our people
fall by the firewater, or the thunder of the pale-
faces. What shall we do? Turn deafly from
the counsel of the Great Spirit, or obey his
voice? I have spoken. [*Sits.*

Yuch. [*rising*] What do we meet for, braves? For
what do we wear the medicine robes? Is it to
speak of those who came amongst us with oily
tongues, and for whom we have lighted the
pipe, and received as brothers? We opened
our hunting grounds to the palefaces, and gave
them meat and skins, for they were poor;
while they, in return, gave us firewater; and,
with their false hearts and forked tongues, they
have seduced our people from the war and
hunting paths.

Cal. [*rising*] Hear my voice: I am the oldest chief

among you ; and, on to-morrow, may die. See the numerous wounds I have received in battle for your sakes. I have mingled with you in bloody war, and felt its effects. I have smoked the pipe of peace with you, and know its blessings. I have listened to your talk, and saw how your ears were strained when Taliattus spoke of our wrongs. His words are true ; but, then, all the palefaces are not evil. Some of them are our friends. They hang out to us the flag of peace, and say that they will give us food, and that their great chief will punish all the wrongs which the black hearts have put upon us. 'Tis true, our young men seek their medicine, and fall by their strong water. 'Tis also true they kill our people. But let us see what they will say upon the matter. When strangers are amongst us, the Great Spirit makes their presence sacred. Let us not provoke his anger. You have heard me. [*Sits.*

Yuch. [*risés*] Chiefs, let us not waste our time in talk. These palefaces are our natural enemies ; but let us do as Calwawessit says ; besides, the mountains now grow white ; and elk is scarce, indeed. There are none upon our trail.

[*Enter Enos. In his hand are two scalps.*
He approaches the Council.

Enos. [*aside*] Now comes the trial of my skill—the longed-for moment of my life. Oh ! for a thousand tongues, each one of which would speak my purpose, stir up their sluggish blood with all-devouring rage, and waken from the sleep of death our murdered kinsmen.

Cal. Who dares come within our sacred circle ?

Yuch. 'Tis Enos. Let us hear him.

Tal. What says Enos ?

Enos. [*advancing*] Chiefs and warriors, hear me : As the Great Spirit above will guide your councils, Enos, the last of the Modocs, speaks to you. His people have long since gone to the

Land of Spirits, and are only seen through the mists. There is no more left to hear their spirits' voice, except the weeping clouds which water the ground. My fathers lived beyond the mountains, and, for a thousand moons, they hunted there, and made war upon their enemies, for they were brave: but then came the pale-faces in their big canoes, and they vanished like mists. So shall it also be with you, unless the tribes come against them like the gathering clouds. Our streams have long been muddy, and the evil spirit has spouted floods of darkness over the sky, making us drowsy and inactive. Our once bright spears have lost their lustre, and lie neglected in our wigwams as toys for children; while we resemble more the dead than living warriors. Chiefs, Enos is as weak as a sapling, and is bowed down before the spirits of his fathers, whose scarred limbs were monuments, and around whose wigwams hung the scalp of many a foe. The white chief, Wright, bid me come to your councils—he who but six moons since invited our brother chiefs and braves, the Modocs, to come with peace into his lodge. They met with good assurance, trusting in his lying tongue; then it was that, bent upon a bloody purpose, he murdered them.

All. He did.

Enos. Nay, more than this. He boasted of the deed, and wished that all their race would follow them. Will not these things arouse your anger, stir up your sluggish blood to speedy action, and, with a general rising of the tribes, avenge your wrongs. What I have said is true; this you all know; and hence, did Enos, knowing of those wrongs, avenge them? The tomahawk of Enos never sleeps in his solitary war path. While you sit in council, he scalps his enemies [*shows the scalps*]. Will my words

pass like the idle winds, or will you arise, dig up the hatchet, and be avenged ?

Ach. Well hath Enos spoken. If 't is our fate to fall in war, we shall be welcome to the happy hunting grounds. 'T is cowardly to live, if thus we live. Our wigwams are empty. No more our squaws and children welcome us when we return from the hunt. Where are our warriors ? Will we sit here like dogs—we, who never knew what fear was ? Let not our ears be tickled by their words, which are like the dried grass ; but let us open our eyes, and kill the snakes who have crept into our lodges.

[*They make a circle of fire, with pole in centre, with scalps and notches in the corners, to show how many scalps they have taken in battle. The Chiefs form a circle round the fire, and brandish their tomahawks.*]

Tal. Now, to invoke the aid of the Great Spirit against our foes. Let us mingle in the mystic rites.

Yuc. Warriors round this mystic ring,
Let us bring our offering.

Tal. What shall it be ?

Tuli. Two scalps of white men here I see.

Let these then our offering be.

Spirit of the red man, come
From beyond the setting sun !

[*All stoop and place their ears to the ground, then rise, and*]

All. Listen to the Spirit's voice,
Bidding the red man rejoice ;
Arm your brothers with the thunder.

[*Here peals of thunder.*]

Let the mountains burst asunder.

Raise the storm with lightning flashes.

[*Here follows flashes of lightning.*]

Burn the dwellings into ashes.

Drive the pale faces from our homes.

Midst their sighs and dying groans

Convert your hearts to thongs of steel,
That children's wails you will not feel.

[*Voice from the fire*

Voice. Earthly brothers, should you fail,
Woe, woe follows in the red man's trail.

Enos. To arms! To arms! We must, we shall prevail.

[*Indians enter and form half-circle at back, around Chiefs. One or two have Indian drums, which they beat. The rest chant as follows, to which the Chiefs dance around the fire, the principal feature of which is the postures:*]

Chiefs and warriors, let us prepare our medicine;
Let us sharpen our spears and arrows, so that
They will enter the hearts of our foes.

Let our buried tomahawks be made bright.

Let the Evil Spirit darken the eyes of the pale
Faces, so that he shall be made great who takes
The most scalps of our enemies in war.

Whooplo, lo, lo, lo, lo.

Enos. [*aside.*] They have sent their Commissioners to make terms with us, telling us that our great chief, at Washington, means our good. But what assurance have we of the future, judging them by the past? They have broken their treaties with us, hired men to rob us, and now they say, We will send you to a barren land far away from the homes of our fathers, where there are no elk and salmon: and for what? To give our lands to their race, and to make room for their advance. Rather let us die on the war path. Whooplo, lo, lo, lo!

[*Exit all.*

SCENE III.—*House of Mrs. Grissell at L., 2, E.*
Same as scene third, first act.

Mur. [*with a gun on his shoulder.*] Oh! bad cess to me, but it's misfortune that's got a long

tail. Out of the frying-pan into the fire! I escaped from the savages when they took Mrs. Grissell and her daughters prisoners, having shot one of them dead as a door-nail myself, but they were too powerful strong for us. I wonder where the ruffians took my Jennie and her mother. If I had only help, I'd rescue them myself. Whist, who comes there? [*Hears a step.*] Who the devil's that? Begorra! I'll get behind this tree, and look out for him. [*Enter BRENTWOOD.*] A red skin, and alone; I'll talk to him, that is to say if he will understand me. [*He comes down.*]

Brent. As I live, here is Patt. Murphy. What on earth brought you here? Are you not afraid the Indians will take your scalp?

Mur. Faith, it would be little loss, Captain, when such disasters have come upon us. Which way are you going, and what the devil are you doing in that rig?

Brent. To rescue, if possible, the settler's wife and daughter.

Mur. What, Jennie and her mother? Is she alive anywhere? And do you know where they are?

Brent. Yes; we had information at Fort Montgomery that they were a short distance from here, that they were to be put to death by order of the chiefs, but through the aid of Hevallah, they were released. I disguised myself in this way to aid their rescue. We must be cautious if we will accomplish our mission.

Mur. I take that office on myself, to release Mrs. Grissell and her daughter.

Brent. And I'll take Hevallah from them.

[*Exit MURPHY and BRENTWOOD.*]

[*Shots are fired, and BRENTWOOD and PAT MURPHY enter, bringing with them MRS. GRISSSELL, JENNIE and HEVELLAH.*]

Brent. We had a narrow escape from the savages in

making the rescue, and probably will be followed by them, for which we must make all preparation.

Mrs. G. [*addressing BRENTWOOD*] How thankful we are to you and Pat for this deliverance. [*And addressing HEVELLAH*] And you, who have by your pleading saved our lives from a horrible death. We cannot know how we can repay the debt. But, then, what a cruel death they gave my husband, my only succor and solace! This house is now no longer the habitation it once was, but the house of mourning.

Jen. Cheer up, mother; do not give way to such sorrow. Do you not recollect the words you taught me? "Grieve not always; there's a season made to dry our sorrow up. Nature gives us ample reason to make sweet the bitter cup."

Pat. [*addressing her, and leaning over JENNIE*] Don't be sorrowful now; we have no time for it; we're not out of danger yet. And then I and Jennie will be your protectors. Went we, Jennie [*Addressing her*]?

Jen. Of course we will; and mother will surely have no more prejudice against an Irishman who saved her and her daughter's life.

Bren. Now, let us enter the house. I ordered the men at the fort to proceed to help us; and they must be here soon; and, until they come, let us take shelter.

Mur. Troth, that's a good idea. When the redskins find their prisoners missing, they will follow them; and it would n't do, at all, at all, to fall again into their hands. [*They enter the house.*

[*Enter ENOS with SCOUT and CALWAWESSIT. SCOUT with his head to the ground—he feels with his hands. Speaks to ENOS.*

Scout. They must have come this way. I see the footprints. Two palefaces and two squaws.

Cal. One of these must be Hevellah.

Enos. I told you she loved the paleface better than her kindred. They were taken hence by them.

Cal. It cannot be.

Enos. Worse things than this have been. Have they not robbed us of everything; and when we ask them back, do they not put rifles at our heads? What cause have you to wonder? The only cause to wonder is that they have spared our lives so long. They seek to drag us down to base submission, and would have us like a beaten cur—begging them for mercy. What can we expect? Was it last moon they commenced to wrong the red man? No! More than two hundred moons have looked upon our wrongs. When they came amongst us, we were a mighty people—our hunting grounds extended so far that no one knew their boundaries. These things have made of Enos an unchained tiger. I will seek revenge until their blood shall flow as yonder river.

Cal. What you have said is true.

Enos. And yet you ask to spare them! They are like rank weeds. Having once taken root, the more you cut them down the more they grow and flourish, until you root them, roots and all, out of the soil. We must now take their wigwam. But first let us examine if they are within, they may be secreted here.

[*ENOS, with Indians, try to get at the door. A shot is fired from within, at which one of the Indians falls. ENOS enters the house; a tussel inside; he is pushed out by BRENTWOOD and MURPHY; a struggle ensues between ENOS and BRENTWOOD, and also between MURPHY and an Indian. BRENTWOOD gets ENOS down, and stabs him with his sword; he struggles and speaks.*

Enos. Oh! that I had died by the lightning, or was overcome by the crushing mountains. But

by the hands of such a foe [*he grasps his knife, and endeavors to crawl towards BRENTWOOD*] that I, Enos, the last of the Modocs, should fall by the hands of a pale face. No, no! I shall yet live to be revenged. Hevellah, too, a traitor! Curses on them! May the sun refuse to give its light, and heaven's thunder and lightning scorch them into cinders. Ah! see the sky turns black. I see it. The lightning's come. It strikes them. See! they fall! Ha, ha, ha! I have lived to be revenged. Oh, that I had died by the lightning! [*He dies.*

[*The Soldiers, who were expected by BRENTWOOD, arrive and file on each side, surrounding the Indians with leveled muskets, compel them to surrender.*

Mur. [*pointing at ENOS.*] Now, then, ends your dirty existence, you spalpeen. Ye's did nothing but set the country in an uproar, you black-guard; and it's the likes of ye's ought to have died by the rope, instead of by the hands of a gentleman and a soldier.

[*A sergeant—one of the soldiers—hands BRENTWOOD a letter, who reads:*

Brent. [*reads to troops*] at attention. Attention company! I have received a general order from the President, commanding that all Indians, taken prisoners, must be properly cared for, clothed, fed, taught useful trades, and be brought under the humanizing influences of our civilization. Humanity demands that something should be done to save the red man from extermination. [*Addressing the soldiers*] I endorse those reasons, and I must say that most of all wars against the Indians have originated in the cupidity and advice of the false men of the white race, who under false pleas have often, for their own profit, produced and fostered those Indian wars. I want you, therefore, to give three rousing cheers for President Grant's

policy to the Indians. [*Three cheers are given.*

[PAT MURPHY, MISS GRISSELL, CAPTAIN BRENTWOOD, and HEVELLAH, with CALWAWESSIT, advance to the front of the stage, in the following order: CAPTAIN BRENTWOOD on the right with HEVELLAH. CALWAWESSIT in the center, and PAT MURPHY on the left with JENNIE GRISSELL. PAT MURPHY speaks.

Mur. And now, you have heard the story of how true love runs smooth, reversing the proverb. Let me say, that under our government the weak and the strong should be equally protected, and no undue advantage should be taken, even of an Irishman, who always stands ready to shed his blood for the stars and stripes—the country which has given him a home and protection. I have shown by my union with Jennie that the harp and green flag of Erin can be united with the stars and stripes, on which union we ask your blessing.

Bren. And may the love which was mutually borne between this Indian girl and me, prove that true worth is not confined by any narrow boundaries, and that is true beauty which is most unadorned.

Cal. And may the blessings of the Great Spirit descend upon the union of my daughter with this brave, and may it prove the commencement of the healing up of the long bleeding wounds and feuds of the white and the red man.

[*Red Fire Tableau.*

CURTAIN FALLS.





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